



Honorable Mention

General Battlefields: To Abraham Lincoln

Doppelganger daguerreotypes carved from black stone,
Silver shining sheets of silhouettes, half melted mica beads
Embalmed and buried in an edifice crypt.

Copper extinguishes like the smoke it born from,
Half-hearted phoenix rolling in the air, plunging into the mindset.
Their parents forged them for this, all according to plan.
Map work, book work, no application with no questions asked.

Spirals cocked and ready aimed with gold intentions,
Breathing with lead-like clouds. Smoke piles and porous
Wasps, stinging red and foreign, killer bees derived from
Esoteric collector trees. Customs inspection gone massacre.

Who knew him? Was he the hand that pulled the strings
with shadow-hidden grins? Or the fourteen year old who
Enlisted against parental wishes and now lies with holes
In his stomach? Small whimpers and self solaces:
“It was good for the country; it was for my country.”

Memories littered among the bones and gasps of air.
When youth forsook inheritance for duty and fell
To the grounds to make the paths fertile for the
Generations to come, was he one of them?

He may have died during the gunfire. He may have
Been that boy abandoned for amputees and animals
To clean up eagerly. Cringing, he struggled, strangling,
Staddling possilibty to hang on to life and rework it.

Clay under his fingernails from molding and scraping the
Earth for balance and the stars would rain down blood
And cry. He was one of them; he did die with battles and
The smoke gushed and fell like fog.

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9th Grade